Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
2. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
3. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was

coining of the Lord; he is trampling out the vintage where the
never call retreat; he is sifting out all human hearts born a-cross the sea, with a glory in his bosom that trans

grapes of wrath are stored; he has loosed the fateful lightning of his
fore his judgment seat; O be my soul, to answer him; be
figures you and me; as he died to make us holy, let us

terrible swift sword; his truth is marching on.

jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
die to make all free, while God is marching on.

Refrain

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le

lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le

lu - jah! His truth is marching on.